

The Windmills Of Your Mind

Nana Mouskouri

Round like a circle in a spiral
Like a wheel within a wheel
Never ending or beginning
On an ever spinning reel

Like a snowball down the mountain
Or a carnival balloon
Like a carousel that's turning
Running rings around the moon

Like a clock whose hands are sweeping
Past the minutes on its face
And the world is like an apple
Whirling silently in space

Like the circles that you find
In the windmills of your mind

Like a tunnel that you follow
To a tunnel of its own
Down the highway to a cavern
Where the sun has never shone

Like a door that keeps revolving
In a half forgotten dream
Of the ripples from a pebble
Someone tosses in the stream

Like a clock whose hands are sweeping
Past the minutes on its face
And the world is like an apple
Whirling silently in space

Like the circles that you find
In the windmills of your mind

Like a tunnel that you follow
To a tunnel of its own
Down the highway to a cavern
Where the sun has never shone

Like a door that keeps revolving
In a half forgotten dream
Of the ripples from a pebble
Someone tosses in the stream

Keys that jingle in your pocket
Words that jangle in your head
Why did summer go so quickly?
Was it something that you said

Lovers walk along the shore
And leave their foot-prints in the sand
Is the sound of distant drumming
Just the fingers of your hand

Pictures hanging in the hallway

And the fragment of a song
Half remembered names and faces
But to whom do they belong

When you knew that it was over
In the autumn of goodbyes
For a moment you could not recall
The color of his eyes

Round like a circle in a spiral
Like a wheel within a wheel
Never ending or beginning
On an ever spinning reel

Like a snowball down the mountain
Or a carnival balloon
Like a carousel that's turning
Running rings around the moon

As the images unwind
Like the circles that you find
In the windmills of you mind